

Daddy Hopper by [thisisonlineright](#)

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Genre: Daddy Hopper is a win, Gen, I mean cmon he was a good daddy, I'll add more tags as i go, slightly AU

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Summary:

AU drabbles where Eleven doesn't disappear and Hopper adopts Eleven.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Halfway through Upside Down I wondered if Eleven really could live with the Wheelers. Then, I thought, why not with Hopper?

Honestly, he doesn't know what the hell he's doing.

Well yeah, he had a daughter, but that was five years ago and this girl ain't his daughter.

Eleven was nothing like Sarah. He actually had no idea how Eleven was like. She didn't talk much nor do much. Basically all she did was that magical - err -telekinesis thing and eat Eggos. Other than that even the other kids didn't know what she enjoyed.

No wait, the Wheeler kid said that she enjoyed sitting on their La-Z-boy. He'd have to remember to get one of those suckers.

"So..." Hopper says, opening the front door for her, "this is gonna be your new home."

Eleven looks up at him then at his house. It's obviously still a bit dirty - he really didn't have enough time to make the place kid friendly - but he replaced some of his old furniture and cleaned the place up. "Home."

He watches her take her first step in her new home, "yeah, home. You'll be living here with me now. If you want anything, just tell me."

The girl takes in the place before settling on his new couch. The old one was too filthy for a kid. She was probably still having a hard time adjusting to the outside world. The room she had in the lab was just cruel, and her place at the Wheeler's basement wasn't really all that comfortable, having to hide all the time. He hopes that the girl would eventually consider this place as home. It wasn't the best home in town, but he was working on that.

"Uh, I have some clothes for you from Nancy," he gestures to the suitcase full of clothes that the eldest Wheeler had generously given, "then we can go get some new clothes in the morning." Hopper waits for a reaction from the kid. Nothing. "Or something... uh, want anything?"

Eleven just blinks at him.

Great. The kid either doesn't like him or is afraid of him. He could probably ask the Wheeler kid to talk to her, she trusted him. Maybe he should have thought this through. Who was he kidding? He wasn't cut out for this parental thing. He just thought that, maybe he could do some good for the kid. That Papa of hers was nowhere near what a father was supposed to be. He could try, right? "Want some Eggos?"

At the mention of waffles, the kid immediately perks up.

"So, Eggos, huh," he mumbles, scratching the back of his neck, "okay, c'mon to the kitchen. I'll cook as many as you want."

The girl grins and follows him to the kitchen.

This marks his first day with his new kid.

2. Chapter 2

Today is Hopper's free day that the Mayor gave him for saving Will Byers.

He's sort of a hero now—though, it's mostly because he kind of found an already dead kid. Nevertheless, a hero, which has given him many perks around Hawkins.

He plans on spending this free day with his new kid.

"Morning," he greets Eleven as she enters the kitchen, "did you have a good sleep?"

The kid blinks, probably thinking it over, and shrugs, "good."

He'd have to do something about that limited vocabulary thing. She was about twelve, and putting her back at the first grade doesn't seem like a good idea. "That's great. What do you want for breakfast?"

Eleven grins. That means one thing: Eggos.

It's been about three days since she's moved in (and nearly a month since she escaped from that lab) and all she eats is Eggos. Breakfast? Eggos. Lunch? Eggos. Snack? Eggos. Dinner? That's right, Eggos.

He wouldn't be surprised if the kid turns into one giant piece of Eggos soon.

"Uh, don't you want some real food?" The kid stares at him. He winces. "Like try something new?"

"New?" Eleven repeats, her eyebrows scrunching slightly.

Hopper lifts the frying pan he's holding and tilts it to show her a pancake. "That's a pancake. It's kind of like Eggos, I guess?"

The girl slowly stands from her seat and makes her way beside him. "Good?"

"I'm not really the best cook in town, but yeah, it's good." He lifts the pan and slides the pancake on a plate full of bacon. "Don't you smell it?"

Hopper hands Eleven the plate—which she both sniffs and stares at the same time—then starts working on his own breakfast. "I promise it won't kill you."

He's in the middle of pouring his third pancake when he hears Eleven happily say "Good! Pretty good!"

"See?" Hopper says, taking a seat across from her. "There are lots of food out there that's even better than those Eggos. That's just a start."

Eleven barely looks at him as she takes another piece of bacon from his plate.

How the heck was he even gonna teach this kid what the different kinds of food were? How does someone even explain those kinds of things to kids? He really couldn't recall teaching Sarah that. Maybe it was her mother. He definitely didn't have anything to do with it—

He's suddenly interrupted by Eleven coughing. "Hey kid, easy!" He exclaims, bolting from his seat and patting her back. "Chew. Don't just shove all of them in."

He rushes towards the fridge, grabs a small carton of orange juice and opens it before handing it to her. "Drink that. It will help."

She obediently chugs the orange juice down then goes back to nearly swallowing her breakfast.

"So, uh, I forgot to ask you," he passes her another pancake, "what do you want me to call you? I mean Eleven's nice and all, but I was thinking that maybe you'd want a new name?"

"New name?" She asks in confusion, taking another forkful of pancakes.

Hopper nods, "yeah, a name. The papers aren't final yet so you can still choose a new name if you'd like. Maybe Janet? Or Audrey? Or Sam?"

Eleven stares at him for a good second then sighs. "Eleven good. El is okay."

"Oh, El, huh?" She nods, a small smile forming on her lips. "El Hopper does sound nice. Kind of like a codename."

"El Hopper," she slowly repeats, taking in the new name. "You?"

"Me?"

"Name?"

"Jim Hopper."

"No," Eleven shakes her head in frustration, "name I call you."

"Oh!" He says once he realizes what the kid meant. "Well, you can call me Hopper, if you'd like. Everyone calls me Hopper. Or chief."

Eleven frowns, "not dad?"

It's been five years since he was once called that. This nearly brings him to tears.

"Yeah, dad is okay."

"Okay, dad."

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter is all over the place I'm sorry

"Hopper, we need to talk about Eleven."

The police chief stops, looks at Eleven—who points at the other end of the aisle—and blinks at Nancy Wheeler. "Uh, talk about what?"

Nancy strides over to them and grins at Eleven. "Hi Eleven."

"Hi Nancy," the girl quietly greets.

"I like your uh..." Nancy visibly cringes as she eyes Eleven's football jersey and dirt brown pants that was way too big for her. "Outfit."

Eleven glances down at her clothes then up at the teenager. "Good? Dad got them."

"Yeah, good... Hopper can we talk for a moment?"

Hopper is extremely confused. What's there to talk about? Maybe it was about Barb's case? They had a funeral just like Will's for Barb. It was a tragic case, and he regrets not getting there sooner to save the teen.

He leaves Eleven with their cart and tells her to choose anything she likes. "So... What's this about, kid?"

"Eleven's clothes." Nancy bluntly says. "You can't let her just wear that! You have to let her wear what she wants to wear. I gave her a lot of dresses, why isn't she wearing them?"

Hopper shrugs. He really doesn't know. Eleven was wearing one of the dresses the other day. She also wore a dress when they just stayed at home. He bought the current outfit for a football game they would watch in a week. He just didn't expect that Eleven would pick those clothes today. "She wears them sometimes."

"Then I'll take care of this," Nancy huffs, shaking her head and stomping over to Eleven. "Hey, El, wanna get some new clothes?"

Eleven drops the colorful towels she chose into the cart. "Clothes not good?"

The teen vehemently shakes her head, "no, it's not that! I'd just like you to have some variety. C'mon, let's head over to the clothes section and you can pick some you like."

Hopper watches silently as Nancy drags Eleven off to the cloths aisle. What exactly was wrong with the clothes he chose?

They end up with a three new dresses, a bunch of sweaters and a few shirts.

"There! Now you've got lots of new clothes for when school starts," Nancy cheers, placing the bags in the trunk.

Eleven tears her gaze away from her ice cream, "school?"

Nancy blinks down at her then up at Hopper, "she's going to school after the summer right?"

"Yeah, she is," Hopper still isn't sure about it, but he is going to find a way to get Eleven into the other kids' class. He just fears that since Eleven doesn't really have an actual experience with school, she might have a hard time adjusting. "I'm enrolling her in a week or so."

The teen looks like she's thinking of something deep before loudly snapping her fingers. "I know! Why don't I tutor El? As some kind of preparation for school? Mike and his friends are practically always at our house playing Dungeons and Dragons, they could help in the tutorial. They're smart."

"Tutorial?" Eleven repeats, finishing her ice cream cone. "What's that?"

"It's when someone teacher another person on something. Like math

or science. Or history."

"Nancy's gonna teach you things about school, to prepare you." Hopper says, placing a hand on the girl's shoulder. "Like a play date. Except with learning."

"With Mike, Dustin, Lucas and Will?"

Nancy nods, "yes! I'll make sure that they're there. They'll be your classmates. We can start later, if you want?"

Eleven turns to Hopper and stares at him with wide eyes in wonder. It's her version of puppy dog eyes, he thinks. "Sure, go ahead."

He's caught off guard by Eleven suddenly bumping into him followed by a light hug. "Thanks, dad!"

The girl smiles and tugs on Nancy's sleeve. "Tutorial, now?"

Nancy grins back, "yeah! We've got a lot to cover. We'll start with basic sentences on the walk back to my house, okay?"

"Okay!"

Hopper smiles as he watches Eleven with Nancy. He does hope that his daughter gets the closest thing to a normal life without monsters, upside down places and questionable government funded laboratories.

She deserves it.